

I Wanted to Be Wrong

R.E.M.

You know where I come from, you know what I feel
You're Yul Brenner Westworld, reporting from the field
I threw it into reverse, made a motion to repeal
You kicked my legs from under me and tried to take the wheel I told you
I wanted to be wrong
But everyone is humming a song
That I don't understand Now I know that the sun has shined on my side of the street
The basket of America, the weevils with the wheat
The milk and honeyed congregation, scrubbed and apple cheeked
Salute Apollo Thirteen from the rattle jewelry seats Mythology's seductive and it turned a trick on me
That I have just begun to understand I told you
I wanted to be wrong
But everyone is humming a song
That I don't understand The rodeo is staged, gold circle, goat ropers and clowns
A rumble in the third act, tie 'em up and burn 'em down
We're armed to the teeth, born a little breech
Blue plate special analysts, cells and S.U.V.'s We can't approach the allies 'cause they seem a little peeved
And speak a language we don't understand I told you
I wanted to be wrong
But everyone is humming a song
That I don't understand Storm into the boardroom of the conquering elite
Did you recognize the madman who is shouting in the streets?
Destroy the things that I don't understand
Destroy the things that I don't understand

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